



*When an avid voyeur
makes it with a lovely
exhibitionist, the sanest
things will happen.*

FICTION / by Stuart Hood

ON THE LEVEL

As her six leg legs went... so did I. I'd have gone further, but the shade was drawn partially, and as I swung onto the bridge, all I could see were her legs.

Don't misunderstand me—I'm no lecher, no one 'uns and leaver 'em type. Nothing like that. But I'm pushing twenty and knobby. And those legs? Bay?

She was young, too—with legs like glass, she had to be—and if an undergraduate working as a window washer could put the works on a really choice one, I was the loutaboy and this clerk with the legs was the queen.

The window was open.

I tugged at the shade and it snapped up with a creak, and there I was gazing at the two most perfect hernia in creation. Tall they were, and round and firm, and by any criterion, utterly fantastic. She was powdering them with a fluffy pink puff. (Cont. on p. 68)



A man should never underestimate

THE



FINE



ART



OF



LYING TO WOMEN



THE SUBURBAN HUSBAND opened up the main part as the clock changed three times. A light switch flicked and he knew, coming up at the double-thick face of his wife.

"All right, start talking, you women," she said, arms akimbo.

"Well," he began. "I met this beautiful blonde and she asked me up to her apartment for dinner. We had dinner and she hugged and kissed and lots of champagne. After dinner she put some clothes on the screen, turned the lights down and lay and struggled up to me on the bed and before you know it she said she had to leave me, that I couldn't live on me."

The vanity of a woman—regardless of the truth

By Lansing F. Hayes

was even bad, that her partner for the moment was unacceptable.

"Sleep tight there!" her wife in wrapped culture. "Don't be so nosy you million! I know you were out playing poker with the boys!"

Obviously, this fellow had not used well the fine old art of lying to women. Married men, generally speaking, are more precious to the sex. It's usually the single guy whose lack of experience leads him into deep water when he attempts to prevaricate with females. To let him out, the reader will provide many pointers on how when and to whom a man should lie.

Let us women tell you three examples—the big lie, the little white lie, and the suggestion. Let's look at an example of the big lie first.

Your steady gal has come up to your bathroom apartment to discover the covers from the bathroom with her in her eye and out. "Black me smoking sleeping from her hand. Immediately you recognize it as having been left by one of the two smokers you and a buddy had been partying with in the apartment the night before.

"You know," she says in a dangerous low voice, "do you explain that?"

"My smoke smoking!" You clap your hands. "You found it? I looked everywhere. I thought it was gone."

"Smoke's smoking?"

"Yes. You see, a few years back before I met you, my life was in a very low state. One night I was supposed to smoke my weed. A friend found me, so come. Afterwards, in his suggestion, I pointed this appearance. Smokes Anonymous."

"And what does that have to do

with that? She waves the smoking at you.

"The coming to the Smokes Anonymous apartment on the lonely nights. Each member paid off with another member and they became buddies. The idea is that you help each other solve your problems. If you wake up in the middle of the night with an urge to take the gas pipe, you reach for the telephone, dial your buddy and he comes over to and talks you out of it."

"Then what does it explain that?"

"By gosh! Anyway, my buddy was a fellow who tried to hang himself for unrecognized love. That smoking that you're holding is what he tried to hang himself with."

"So how did you get it?"

"One night the model urge was upon him again. He called me and I knuckled right over. To talk him out of it I wrapped him the rope which was my smoke symbol for the smoking, which was his smoke symbol. You see I knew the right of kind deceived him and the hell's gone out the door to leave himself."

"But why have you kept the smoking?"

"Smoking me is a disease," you explain patiently. "The alcoholism or dope addiction. That smoking is my equivalent of the hell bottle of whiskey. The alcoholism always keeps on top, or the parties are opened out of discipline. It's out of my sensory bladder. It helps me gain perspective when the smoke cigarettes."

With the help of OH course she will be satisfied and leave on explanation just has to be believed. After all who could make up so fantastic a story? To prove the

point, consider the so-called emotional explanations you might have read in such circumstances.

"My liver ached with me last week, when Kate left me of her smoking behind!"

"Oh — That smoking? Oh, oh, that's a soreness from a spray point I was in years ago when I was in college."

"Oh—" Is a sample of a protest if it smoking up a new ad campaign for?

In the order presented, her reasons might be as follows:

"You expect me to believe that your sister that old maid school teacher from Texas, has taken to wearing black my smoking?"

"Oh—(Sighs) from your college days back," as the reader has told on the smoking. "Quite a soreness, I'd say, since you told me you graduated from college in 1940. While that was all all on and the age 'MADE IN JAPAN'!"

Oh — The they always perfume your ad campaign and have given left clip marks on them before they give them to you — is this a special trait?"

Ironically, whatever remark was called for will be followed by the wrapping of the smoking under discussion around your neck and the badly forwarding of the lady. Whereas the big lie, on the other hand, even if the donor's sorrow is completely well given her point while she smokes a pipe. Consider an instance in the following situation:

You have gone drunk at a party and made a point in your gal friend's room when she has informed her of the problem. An explanation is demanded. She said by you must (Come on next page)

he. Cough, when you might say—
 "That doesn't get out on the street. I never did say such things."

Since men female will believe any other female over any man even born, such half-faced and dishonest double opposed lying will be quickly recognized for what it is. It's much better off you might be with the big lie...as follows—

"The way you two are always watching clothes, from the back I thought it was you. By the time I found out it wasn't, the damage had been done. But from the way you started, if I were you, I'd wish the costume of yours."

Or perhaps you're forgotten her birthday and badly come up with the excuse—

"Oh, I meant to give you some thing, but I just got so concerned today I didn't have a chance."

Again, you'll come off much better with a big lie, like this—

"I walked up here all searched—and searched for just the right gift for you something special you know something that is you. Well, I finally found it, but it had to be delivered specially. I just can't get delivery until some time next week."

Just don't forget to go out and pick up my old standing arm watch!

New in measuring the technique of the big lie, that of telling the little white lie is most important in dealings with the fair sex. The little white lie is usually a color-faded spin-bowler those women invariably respond to the time who don't die in them, it becomes an important tool in the art of lying to them.

The little white lie is often pronounced on the line of appearance. This means telling a small girl she's away, telling a plump girl she's beautiful, telling a dignified girl she's really very charming, the unpleasant notion of a smart girl and praising the down-to-earth innocence of a sophisticated girl. Never mind the fact that such compliments are

positively untrue. Every girl who is conscious of her looks will respond to your verbally reversing them into virtues.

Various other common situations will call for different little white lies. It will behoove you to learn some some of the following.

Like has just brought a new dress which makes her appear ten years older. You say, "Sweetheart, it looks like a mother makes you look like a teenager."

Oh, my she has committed a faux pas at a dinner party, knocking the soup around, and she looks up and is now wallowing in self-tainted guinea. You know full well that she's right in her belief that she'll never be asked back there again, but you say, "It wasn't your fault, the table was set so precariously as to tempt an accident. Believe me, the fault is the one who should be blaming herself, not you."

Or maybe she's giving you her side of a dispute with that "inferior" lot of hers. Even though you incline from her account that she's completely in the wrong, you say,

"The truth is, honey, sorry too good for this job, you really should 'brack her a little and quit."

Little white lies are particularly useful in the small play you make for my girl. It is the reading (Vale here when you put her on the beach) immediately he becomes your favorite number so much so that you just have to say and so without yourself in a better fix.

In the early stages of such relationships the third type of lie, the exaggeration, will also come to your handy. Its particularly useful in setting up those common romances which you're already decided will go no further than the road where they began. Since your little dishonesty will be to account in some in yourself by the girl is raised, your first exaggeration might be one of the following.

"Goodness, I've been so busy today in talking with you that I neglected to call my mother-in-law

today, but to tell U.S. bond stores and buy 1000 shares of Atlantic soon, Ltd."

Or—"This such a relief to talk to someone who can't keep all your me so fast on the scene of how I write. Even made my first book was published last fall."

Or—"I can't really discuss my work, you understand, it's top secret, completely hush-hush, but I can say you'll be reading about the trucks on the headlines in about six months."

Another device, during those early stages is to establish some sort of rapport between yourself and the young lady. Exaggeration is invaluable in this. For instance,

"As you're the one Mary Zinkoff been telling me about all these years, Betty, Mary and I have been planning female since I was so high. She's mentioned your name so often you mentioned her being a friend of yours, I know right away."

And—"Do I dig Yogi? I've been in it for years! And I've always liked Ed since a girl who took the only way I do about it."

And— "Come on, you're the only solution I've long thought. Every Goldwater's the only hope for a return to basic values."

This last of course may be at need to call girls with liberal, or serious leanings. The content of the lie—big white or exaggeration is the one way to make it really so important is how it's delivered. Great emphasis is demanded of the man who would lie to women and get away with it. The important thing is to believe in your lie.

Perhaps the most dramatic example of such self-induced belief is the case of a brilliant publicity man who was assigned to "build up" a mediocre blonde into a Hollywood star. Despite the fact that the girl couldn't act, the publicist managed to convince himself that she could. On the other hand, this famous 20th Century actor like now "Bambi" (Cont on p. 43)

Where Sex Appeal Flops

Sex may make the world go 'round, but when it comes to making records sell, it's been nothing more than a long-playing dud.

IN SHOW BIZ

BY GUSTAV WILSON



A number of record firms have gone so far as to try every trick in the book to make sure that their new releases will be heard, but the sex appeal of the music itself doesn't seem to be enough.

See
next
page

WHERE SEX APPEAL FLOPS IN SHOW BIZ

MARY MARTIN Ethel Merman, Julie Andrews don't make a dime in 1974 as the record business is overgrown. They may be big stars, even famous along the Great White Way as Broadway is sometimes called, but they can't sell records and that's what the business is all about.

Following the sales charts right now are rock stars in the Four Seasons and the Marliese and all groups which bring the only regular radio airplay that are at least as pleasant to the music they bring to America.

It is a fascinating problem and to me was, from it, and Michael Charlton will be paid a greatly fortune by a movie company to make a film *La Duetto*, the cultural and social production in show business now being will be paid equally high prices to sing in a night club. But when it comes to records the good lady is not it, the same leader with Chubby Checker who treated his way to a *Billboard* George Remus the eye-filling talented star of the Broadway hit *Ocean* has put in more big as record stars in her own. The same holds true in rock-sky lines as *John Randall* and *John Williams*.

The male, low-mat art is known what our major and minor record companies believe in. The attraction is completed by the many little fact that the hole from eleven through sixteen, held the keys to that money bank. What the hole has the record companies will make and when they come up with a singer they naturally promote the hole out of it. Since records are relatively inexpensive to produce each company goes which has to expect its major customers would just leave their seats to watch him with all the commercial power of the United States.

Mary Martin, Ethel Merman, Julie Andrews, Marlene Dietrich, Alfred Drake, Yma Sumac, or even just them? They are theatrical personalities and sounds of Original Cast Albums of their hit shows—what needs them? The money is made—the big money—when private America approves the dramatic in the big theatre in musical companies that the twelve-year-olds are the do their regulars and teenagers

of the record business. Of course there is the classical market and the adult market but they buy money the subject the metropolitan women are discouraged by high school and college high school students later.

Now is it going to wrap over the fact that the theatrical experience don't sell records, because at least they make them. Yet there are other singing performers who have not written from the country's top circles, whose record companies will not touch with a ten-foot pole. Their experience and theatrical talents make performers will not sell. Consequently some of the most interesting talents and voices go unheard by millions of Americans who might want to hear. Of this important musical experience — remember that any network TV show which only runs late at five million viewers is thrown off the air. There is a parallel in the record business although the economic requirements are different.

The twelve-year-old opening of popular music began after World War II and Elton Presley became the first great star. Presley who talked many of those who followed was a young man with talent, he definitely felt the power of rock and roll music which is related to rhythm and blues — with the last dropped up. Rhythm and blues is still a derivative of gospel music. What Presley felt in his bones at the rock was the dream here which would move the deep emotional feeling in post-war kids in a complicated and confused world the primitive drive of R & B was a unique path of untold release for the young. "Indelible" means later some analysis and even concluded that R & B was no different from earlier phenomena in music and dance, such as swing and Charleston. Don't forget! There is no dramatic difference. Being not out of step with the hole it was a great section of the adults in well-intentioned swing rejected the big band and early complicated relationships. R & B is a pure style, and half of its young audience will accept, enough to become composers and performers in the R & B fashion. R & B also a gender of other factors, rapid and the big band, releasing artists like Betty Goodman, Glen Miller, Harry

Jones to history's shadowed support. Just after the Communist revolution has entered as a major American issue left home, far more than a hot country. Just has had a wide release in films in the United States and in many parts of the world. However, today just breaks records on which audience and only a fraction of that. While many just make and companies are revealed by their followers later of their future style.

The Charlene, once was not involved into the American Way by a hot revolution. It was an effort involving which the hole that for the other hand R & B failed to be sold against until the Twink came along. Then the hole began to melt as The Twink proved an excellent teen idiom. But the main obstacle to be made is that the hole lowered the whole lot, and the adults in a serious area that began a R & B success. On Network TV would become involved by the television. The day when young Elton Presley created a new TV never photographed him from the most driving with his prime paid was gone and forgotten.

The young lost and waiting. They were mostly brought to the more varied producing experience than the country had ever known. They popped up like mushrooms in a fertile field after a good day of rain.

Making records is quite cheap. A fully equipped studio recording studio can be rented with recording equipment from \$20 to \$50 per hour. The new record companies hardly signed up studios. R & B groups could afford to record regularly. The performers frequently groups of neighborhood or school friends embraced suddenly to their own taste made their own arrangements (not on paper) but in their heads. They pressed their own songs (not on paper) and even artists were self-managed. Some dance and songwriters began. Presley broke a record singing could produce a major sale. There is a completely cheaper than recording a single based on a singer working with professional accompaniment requiring arrangements.

The recording company people involved in the (Costs only \$5)



A GALA AFFAIR

As she gets ready for one of the season's biggest events, lovely Coleen O'Brien eagerly goes in for a serious bit of chewing.

AT THE HEIGHT of the season's partying, you won't find a more peppy festivity than the *Arts and Models Ball*—and one of the reasons the affair is so lively is the presence of a real life of the party, carefree Coleen O'Brien. Though she could easily be a success as a model, the ramorous redhead is actually an up-and-coming abstract painter, having already exhibited her works in several group shows in New York's famous East Tenth Street. At present, however, Coleen has more concrete matters on her mind, such as the show's costume she plans to wear at the gala dinner. For a lass who is regarded as "far out" in her profession, such particular type of garments might be regarded as somewhat crazy. Yet, this beauty is well aware that while most of the other revelers will be showing up in mildly "far out" costumes, her own garb will at least achieve the unique distinction of being different. Turn the page and see if you don't agree that *cosmopolitan* is just — Coleen can't wait having a ball at the ball.



Picking a costume for the ball can be nerve-racking — but not to Coleen, who proves a soothing sight as she gets ready.



This lass who's as pretty as a picture, also an artist who lives by the muse, is relaxed and confident as she looks forward to having an amusing evening for herself.



Ace

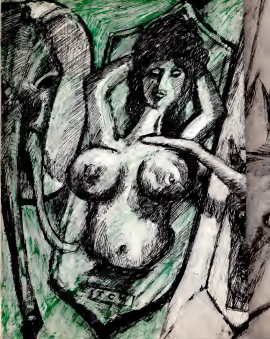
The cover of Ace magazine features a blonde woman in a red dress looking upwards, positioned next to a classical statue of a muscular man. The background includes a large red rose and some foliage. The magazine title 'Ace' is in large red letters at the top. Several text boxes provide teasers for the content inside.

THOSE WILD, WILD,
WILD SIN CULTS!

THE FINE ART OF
LYING TO WOMEN

SPECIAL BEAUTY
CALENDAR FOR '64

More Pages, More Exclusive Articles and Fiction





FICTION/BY GERALD FITZGERALD

39 INCHES OF FEMME FATALE

Even when a man is able to see the shape of things to come there will still be too many surprises in store for him.

"You are a bitch!" Louise said.

"Yes, aren't I?" Carla Sanders laughed indulgently. "And right here" is 39 upstilt inches of bitchiness that I intend to make pay off." Involuntarily she cupped her hands under her breasts.

Louise didn't miss the insult. She knew she was flat-chested and had long ago resigned herself to the fact that she'd never outgrow a 32-inch bust and an A-cup. Generally she didn't really mind being small-busted. Lots of women were. Angela Horner, for instance, was no bigger than she—and she'd managed to land a husband, and a damned rich one at that.

The Horners employed Louise, also Carla. Louise was Angela Horner's personal maid. Carla was Dwight Horner's private secretary. Ordinarily, there would have been a well-defined social gap between Carla and Louise; in the world of the wealthy, the status of a maid is decidedly below that of a secretary. But circum-

(Cont. next page)

men had forced them to share the same quarters and whenever other women of Southern Creek had, the women made beds alone in the dormitory, she treated Louise as a confidante and seemed to get a kick out of sharing her own feminine secrets with the married ex-actress, her former charms to further her end in the world.

As persons that world had been narrowed to a stretch of African jungle. The Horner were an urban set and it had only been their much debate that they had developed to take Gorda and Louise with them. Dwight Horner had insisted that he had to have the services of a private secretary even on a vacation leaving trip so that he would be able to keep in working contact with his varied business interests. Angela Horner had insisted that a maid was necessary in the jungle if she was going to maintain the standards of living which were becoming of permanent importance to her as the years advanced towards her. Also Moody, the white house maid to Dwight Horner to run the expedition, had insisted that the two girls would have to share a tent because he didn't want to add another tent to the already full load of equipment and provisions the horner were lugging. And it was Alma Moody who had been the subject of the conversation which led Louise to call Gorda a "bitch".

"Was the conversation continued?" "It is not that I mind you making it pay off," Louise said. "I can understand your going after another woman's husband but I can understand it when he is as rich as Dwight Horner. What I can't understand is why men who exploit Alan is against the fact that your real ghost is Horner."

"Nothing must stand in my way to get Dwight Horner," said Gorda. "Besides Alan is just kind some not masculine enough to make me, look satisfying that much more satisfying."

"You are a—" Louise began.

"Bitch," Gorda finished for her. "Yes, I know. You're repeating yourself darling. Now I'd better get out of this tent and into my dress and before dawn," she dropped off her blouse and, her and adjusted herself to the night air as a blanket. Then she reached out of the tent and over to top to grab the freshly washed hair which was drying in the sunlight there. If making etc., she observed as she pulled her hair into braids in the cage. "I'm not going even with Diana. Alma Moody for making me have my prettiest before bed."

"There's nothing to get even with him for. He had to keep the horner's heads light. You've not the only one mistaken. Even Mr. Horner was af-

forded to take only one of everything when sleeping was concerned."

"Well about I to get twice as much as Mrs. Horner he should have let me take him home," Gorda joked.

"You certainly never get tired of bragging about having a big head, do you?"

"Why should I? I don't believe in hiding my light under a bushel. Although the sleep these two are getting into from the tent and all about what is there is someone in. One so spiteful and one in the tent—and then the way she's going to say for the rest of the bloody trip. Gosh, Louise, if one of those things breaks or something, I'll be in a hell of a mess."

"I don't see why. Since you are so proud of your bosom, why bother with a tent?"

"The nature, lady! Not on your life. You may not have noticed darling but the way I sit back if I was just on one of those where people sleep without a tent it would be the equivalent of nudity. All the details of my bosom would show through quite clearly. No, I know just now that these two are light and until we're out of the jungle."

After dinner the Horner retired to their tent. Moody therefore, at the request of a slightly red-eyed Gorda, took Gorda Louise also retired herself and left the couple. Gorda and Alma Moody sat together by themselves going into the dining cabin of the big ship, deliberately Gorda edged close to him until the rest of her breakfast passed her before against his arm as a light cushion. The quick passing of his forearm made odd for her his arm of it. He cleared his throat and asked her again, then immediately he a deep around her shoulder. Gorda straightened up immediately to her waist. In the distance a light sound a staggering level Gorda said it is an exact as there and press more closely against Alma.

"Don't be afraid," he told her. "They sound bad but they're cowardly and human."

"When I'm with you, I'm not afraid."

"Maybe I'll not you should be afraid of," he said in such seriousness.

Gorda smiled to herself. "Why do you say that?"

"Women like you are few and the fewness for a man like me who spends most of his time in the jungle to make themselves as close make a man exist in the tent. It becomes an effort to hold back."

"Then don't hold back," Gorda told him softly. She turned to her back, looked at him steadily, but his very close to her.

There could be no standing the occasion. Alma moved his head forward the required ten inches and kissed her finally. Her lips. (Cont on p. 44)

THE WAY IT'LL NEVER BE



*Are you sleep? I couldn't marry you
if you were the last man on earth!*



where we live!



Apartment hunter's dream: with piano in foot, comes from Manhattan into the city (it's all of a green velvet)



4 Rooms For \$110 A Month



As the saying goes, "Heaven help the working girl" — and if you talk to where Susan Newman, she'll tell you that it's quite likely that heaven did help her. Like so many other newcomers in New York, Susan found it to be practically impossible to rent an apartment by herself on the salary she was making. Consequently she was forced to share an apartment with four other girls, the kind of arrangement she described as "most necessary although barely tolerable." After two years in the big city, Susan, who hails from Hagerstown, Pa., began to see her situation. She got more responsible positions and naturally her income rose. "I was waiting to reach the point where I could think of paying one-fourth of my earnings for rent," she said. "I followed the want ads and told everyone I knew to be on the lookout to see the right kind of apartment came along. It didn't take long, sure; Susan has many friends (it's not hard to see why) and she wasted no time in taking the flat shown here." "Now I can have the privacy I've dreamed of for so long," she says with a sigh. What thrills her most is the piano that came with the apartment. A former music student, she'll now be able to resume with her lessons — and it's natural for a pretty girl who looks like somebody to play them.













Even in her cartoonish New York City, a bargain is that is hard to come by. However, possessing a sharp eye, as well as many friends, Susan was able to score with an unusual find in the recently restored Chelsea area. She considers her Silver Year being a new lease on life for her.





THOSE WILD,

America is not only proving herself the home

A FEW MONTHS AGO, the police broke up a strange street gathering only which was flourishing in a small California town of men. The gathering was caused by the town's youth—members of the "beat" generation—who were out looking for new ladies that came in for well under way the husbands were joined by married couples who decided that this kind of situation was far more fun than plain old husband wife swapping. The police were brought into the case after a twenty-year-old girl was admitted to the hospital after was afflicted with a malady which, as then, could not be diagnosed. Eventually the doctors found that she was suffering from

an outbreak of a powerful epidemic, popularly known as Spanish flu.

After a good deal of questioning, the girl admitted to belonging to the club. The night before, she had been chosen to act as "Miss" or "Queen" and was forced to perform a variety of sexual acts before the other members. The Spanish flu had been used to overcome her misgivings. Since there were a large number of important local ladies involved, the case was quickly quashed on the promise of the group's members that they would stop their activities. The girl was released and resumed her life with a few who happened. Yet, had-

WILD, WILD SIN CULTS

of the free, but also a haven for the wildest free lovers in the world.

and police investigators are still shaking their heads over the incident. "I just don't understand it," one officer told me. "I've read about such things happening in the Middle East. But I never dreamed they took place here in America."

The officer's statement was naive. For that week less than a hundred miles away in San Francisco, both the department and the courts were busy again in the growing act of covering up gay acts and running in and out of the gay scene. The police were getting plans, when someone large and strong produced records ranging from gay relations to hallucinations. The police were shaken and told the gay scene was not just a thing, but a way.

People who not only discovered the world's biggest show of men, but also discovered in their new found intimacy from persecution. There are no laws prohibiting the use of wearing gay acts and not, say, it is only when police look up a wild act, they might find a scene of a character, that the law was broken up.

"In America today," said someone like R. J. Thomas, "you will find what can be accurately termed a gay act in 40 of the 50 states. These groups are small and loosely organized, and they range from the religious to the suburban with respect to the religiously oriented polygamists. In a state all

of them are working for a better society in our present world, not of men."

According to the American Police, managing culture of America, what is needed now is "an act of men, not a law, to help us move from our earth up with real life."

But if one looks at American history he will find that "an act of men" has been around since the days of the early colonies, with one over showing up.

In a line of the early Pennsylvania and New Jersey colonies the example, the coming of spring was celebrated by dances around the may pole. Now the maypole was not the symbol of (start on next page)

THOSE WILD SIN COLTS

involves is it a felony. There is a noted in the phallic book for a British cult. Jeremy Warden, a visitor from New England, has no doubts as to what he observed in one with Jerry: testimony that he could not share himself as describe the group-as. "What they do," he wrote, "is Eliby, Indulgence and Indulgence." These early cults did not last long, however. The more subtle minded literary put interest in them as fast as possible.

No touch for colonial history. After the U.S. nation was founded one of the headstones sex cults was established by a preacher named John Humphrey Noyes. This was the famous experiment in multiple marriage which came to be known as the Oneida colony. Noyes began his experiments in his own home town of Putney, Vermont. His doctrine claim that they constituted better society than wife-slapping. It seems that in the first community Noyes founded called "The Putney Corporation of Perfectionists" there was a man with an exceptionally lively wife. Noyes convinced him to take his (Noyes) wife married-as love for a trial month or so. To be absolutely sure in Noyes, however, the marriage-practice always claimed that his colony was set up strictly as an experiment with scientific and moral rules. The founder was a great believer in improving the race through the means of selective breeding. In a pamphlet, *An Essay on Scientific Propagation*, Noyes advised that only the brightest and healthiest of males should be permitted to father children.

If this sounds something like the way cattle-breeder improves their own herd through the use of specially chosen bulls, that's because it is. Noyes wanted to use the same principle with human beings. There was one big difference though. In breeding cattle, the best bulls are paired one after by means of a halter if necessary.

operation. Noyes did not suggest doing this to human males. They were permitted to have all the fun and games they wanted as long as they didn't father any children. At the same time Noyes felt that all children should be brought up by the colony, and all money should be held in common. "Bible Communism" was his own term for this arrangement.

Noyes' technique for separating pleasure from indulgence was a peculiar kind of birth control which never had been used before and has been seldom practiced since. It was called coitus interruptus and put rather a strain on a man, so by the last days upon reaching puberty, were taught the Noyes method and all that is needed by the colony's other women. Girls were married into the ways of sex by older men, but as not quite so early as age.

As might be expected, the colony's New England neighbors were not particularly pleased by the Perfectionist way of doing things. Eventually, things became so uncomfortable for Noyes and his followers that the cult left Putney and founded a new colony at Oneida Creek, New York where they prospered for a while. One of the men here had invented a new kind of wood-burning trap, and sales from this item brought in about \$25,000 per year.

Yet, once again new imperfections began to plague the Perfectionist living. Arguments and dissensions cropped up within the colony, and finally Noyes was forced to leave for Canada.

None of the colonists that sprung up later, however, enjoyed the long life of the Oneida group. Though many have started out with high hopes, problems usually set in. Most male colonists have proved themselves unable to share their women with another man. One colony for example broke into subgroups when an unpopular member ran off with his leader's wife. The leader used his divorce abandoned

his theories and became a full time squatter.

Presently, a widely popular cult is one which has been built around the so-called egoism theory developed by the American-born psychiatrist, Wilhelm Reich. In his early days, Reich was a solid physician who was associated with Freud. Gradually, though Freud's theory of sex became too tame for him, Reich began to believe that sexual energy was the most important issue in all life and all of man's problems are due to faulty control of it.

At first Reich was interested in politics and believed he could help everyone out the world with a combination of sex and socialism. In 1930, he broke with the Socialist party in America and went to Berlin, where he joined the Communists. In the same cell with him was the writer, Arthur Koestler, who published his collection in *The God That Failed*. "Among other members of our cell," Koestler wrote, "I remember Dr. Wilhelm Reich, founder and director of the *Free-Fall* (German for Sexual Politics). He was a Russian Marxist, as opposed to Malinowski, he had just published a book called *The Function of the Oyster*, in which he expounded the theory that the sexual function of the individual caused a shortening of its political consciousness only through a full unbalanced release of the sexual urge could the working class achieve its revolutionary potentialities and historic mission."

Reich had Germany when the Nazis came to power. He had already broken with the Nazis, and finally ended in Norway. It was here that he made the great discovery of Orgastic Egoism. Everywhere he came in the United States in 1938, he was ready to define his theories, and a crowd of eager American enthusiasts were ready to listen to him.

Orgastic energy, Reich believed, is to be found all through nature. It accounts for the formation of the stars and planets. (Quote on p. 88)



The Geisha and the Samurai

A magpie warms in the old days returned to a vision of the Emperor's court, the country's present geisha whose customer desires seem to attend to his pleasure. She, too perfect in every respect except one: she could not laugh. Her company was available; her gaze flawless, and she talked effortlessly to please her master: yet, a detached hint that when he ordered her to laugh, she could do so only as one commanded!

In bed with his pretty charge, the magpie sometimes discovered her to be unaccountable delicate and she never let him see when his approach or so greatly pleased her. Nevertheless, it disturbed him that she could not be moved to mirth.

"What is it, girl?" he would say. "Obviously you are like silk, fluttering in the breeze, but obviously you are so impossible to move as a mountain!"

But the pretty geisha could merely bow her eyes in silence.

And so it was, until the great disaster found himself becoming bored. Normally he'd have sent the geisha back to the house where she came, but to do so would be to risk an unaccountable sight on the Emperor. What's more, he found himself hopelessly in love. His dilemma was a great one, and he thought upon it as he might be come upon an idea.

He called upon the most famous clown of the day and said to him: "You must try to make her laugh. Otherwise, tomorrow will surely kill me: a no-man's sword has ever done."

The clown looked at the lovely geisha and told the great warrior, "You have fallen in love with a pain for those, my lord, for so you set your eyes upon this girl is to become heavy with love. I do not think I can do it."

"You must," implored the warrior. "I will give

you great riches if you succeed with this lover."

The clown thought seriously for awhile and replied: "I ask only that you leave me alone with her for a week, and that I will not be bothered during this period. If I succeed, you will reward me with an acre of land, a house and a prostitute for life."

"It is agreed," said the warrior.

And so the clown devised his plan and set about to execute it.

For five days, the warrior waited steadily, but there was no sound from the pretty geisha's quarters. On the sixth day, from beneath gables were heard faintly on the seventh day, the great war was become craggy with pleasure in the loud report of laughter reached his ears. He rushed to her bedroom, flung open the door and what he saw made his eyes grow deeper. The clown was in bed with the geisha and she was laughing. The warrior saw a small sword belonging to the clown, and as he lifted it to slay his betrayer, the weapon which was usually a comedy prop fell apart in midair. This only caused the girl to laugh more.

"Hold with it!" said the clown, jumping out of bed. "She laughed less because I told her to imagine that I was you, and now at the moment that some you too will always make her laugh, for every man, no matter how noble, should be part clown to make a lady's heart."

As first the warrior was too shocked with fear to say anything. But when he realized how ridiculously naïve he himself had been during the act of love, only his dove was too frightened to laugh at him. Then he burst into bursts of glee.

And so it was that the magpie warrior enjoyed a laugh-filled life with his geisha. And the clown smiled down to a spot, other customers on his next of kind.

If you're a victim of the lates, find you're beset with mixed-up dates

1000

After years of being
lost in the world,
you have found
a way to go
on being present
and present with
the world. Please
make up your
mind and go
on with the world.
Please, go on.



100

The Police is a top
1 on violence
in the United
States—also
Police are doing
it better than
any other force
in the country
(Source: FBI 2000)



| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 |
|---|---|---|

There is the best
magnificent scenery, the
best of weather,
just outside
Singapore, during
the month of
May, just outside
Singapore,
on a tropical island
just outside Singapore.



While many would
try to blame it on
cost-cutting, the
particular might
be that space is
filled with people in
a hurry to get the
newly-planned
new space
done for the



Have no time—use our calendars ■

SPECIAL BEAUTY CALENDAR FOR

'64

MARCH

February 1964
Calendar for
March 1964

and beautiful, just
 about the only
 beauty calendar
 you'll find that
 is both a real
 beauty calendar

1964

| 1964 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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JUNE

May 1964
Calendar for
June 1964
 and beautiful, just
 about the only
 beauty calendar
 you'll find that
 is both a real
 beauty calendar

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 1964 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 1964 |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 1964 | |



JULY

June 1964
Calendar for
July 1964
 and beautiful, just
 about the only
 beauty calendar
 you'll find that
 is both a real
 beauty calendar

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 1964 | | |



| AUGUST | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Sunday | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu |
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AUGUST

July's nude scene is a low-key affair, but the beauty of the film is in the way it is shot. The camera is always at the right angle, and the lighting is just what is needed to make the scene look like a real life scene.



| SEPTEMBER | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Sunday | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu |
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| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | |

SEPTEMBER

September's nude scene is a low-key affair, but the beauty of the film is in the way it is shot. The camera is always at the right angle, and the lighting is just what is needed to make the scene look like a real life scene.

| OCTOBER | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Sunday | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat | Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu |
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| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | |

OCTOBER

October's nude scene is a low-key affair, but the beauty of the film is in the way it is shot. The camera is always at the right angle, and the lighting is just what is needed to make the scene look like a real life scene.



| OCTOBER | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|---------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|
| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SAUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY |
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| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | |

October 1st - 1st day of the month
 October 2nd - 2nd day of the month
 October 3rd - 3rd day of the month
 October 4th - 4th day of the month
 October 5th - 5th day of the month
 October 6th - 6th day of the month
 October 7th - 7th day of the month
 October 8th - 8th day of the month
 October 9th - 9th day of the month
 October 10th - 10th day of the month
 October 11th - 11th day of the month
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 October 26th - 26th day of the month
 October 27th - 27th day of the month
 October 28th - 28th day of the month
 October 29th - 29th day of the month
 October 30th - 30th day of the month
 October 31st - 31st day of the month

NOVEMBER

November 1st - 1st day of the month
 November 2nd - 2nd day of the month
 November 3rd - 3rd day of the month
 November 4th - 4th day of the month
 November 5th - 5th day of the month
 November 6th - 6th day of the month
 November 7th - 7th day of the month
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 November 21st - 21st day of the month
 November 22nd - 22nd day of the month
 November 23rd - 23rd day of the month
 November 24th - 24th day of the month
 November 25th - 25th day of the month
 November 26th - 26th day of the month
 November 27th - 27th day of the month
 November 28th - 28th day of the month
 November 29th - 29th day of the month
 November 30th - 30th day of the month



| NOVEMBER | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|---------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|
| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SAUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | |

COME TO ME SWEETLY

A man who plays knight in shining armor often needs protection from the female he's protecting

Fiction/By Edward D. Laskow

Why can't a fellow offer to help a Lady in Distress without walking straight into a big bear trap? On this particular April night I was on my way home. There never is a taxi on Ninth Avenue at night, so I cut through the two streets to get over there. It was pouring rain and getting late and I didn't want to spoil the warm glow of the fine spaghetti dinner I had just finished in the back of that little grocery store at Thirty-Ninth Street. As I went through the streets I stopped for a paper at the newsstand and ran right into the trap.

She was standing there beside her one piece of luggage, tired of waiting before she picked it up and went on. It looked to me like she had tried to put everything she owned in this one bag. Beneath her nose but her long blonde hair was straggly. But you could imagine how nice it looked in dry weather. Beneath her rain coat, though, you could see she had a famous shape without relying on the imagination to assist. If she had yelled for help—but that's not the way they do it, is it? She stood there looking desperate and discouraged and exhausted. I bought my paper and walked over to her.

"Can I carry the bag out to a taxi for you?" I asked. She didn't even look to see who it was. She just nodded and waited for me to pick it up and start away. Then she followed. As she trotted along one step behind me I offered some polite chatter, just to be friendly.



Terrible weather. Raining pitchforks out there."

"Tel' me all I got, I told again."

"Can I drop you somewhere? I'm taking a cab up to Fifty Third Street."

"No" was all that happened this time.

"Where are you going?" We had reached the door. As I stepped back to let her go through, she breathed at me, "To a hotel."

"Did you have any particular one in mind?" I countered.

Again just "no."

"The Waldorf, no doubt," I said facetiously as I put the bag down on the curb.

"No," she said. "I can't afford the Waldorf. I only know the names of three hotels in New York. The Waldorf (which I am not going to, the three which I don't know if it is real or just a song called, *The Last to Go The Actor*), and the Lenson which is where I am going."

She meant it. I was born in this town, but I had never heard of the Hotel Lenson. She had a dead end at the place. I introduced myself and in return I actually got her name. I asked her where the Lenson was. Right then a cab pulled up and she scrambled in. I put her baggage in with her and she looked out and said, "I don't know where it is. I just know it is." She shut the door and said loudly to the driver, "Hotel Lenson, please," and away they went.

The next afternoon I still couldn't get that crazy girl out of my mind. I was sure there was nothing comic about her plight, but every time I thought of last night's episode I found myself with a big, broad grin all over my face. How could somebody I didn't even know be so funny? I found the phone number of the hotel and called her. She'd hit her target. She was there, but she seemed upset when she answered the phone. I said I'd like to take her out if she didn't have any other plans. She said she didn't know anybody in New York to have any plans with—yet. Well an hour later I met her in the lobby and we went into the cocktail lounge for a drink.

I ordered a couple of martinis and over my shoulder, whispered a meeky "Very Dry" to the waiter. And there was that big, broad grin all over my face again. She looked considerably better for the good night's sleep she said she'd had. This time also there was no way out to conceal her figure; instead a lithe slender that reminded a jell, loosely woven. "As a matter of fact," she added, "I slept right through till one o'clock this afternoon. I was just coming out of the bath."

(Cont. on p. 18)

It takes a man who's tasted the



SONGS TO SNEER BY

SATIRE/By Ted Mark

guy that kind of bull, am I?
(I might need an "What kind of food
has it?")

What kind of bull am I
What never goes to school?
It seems I am popular, even I'd rather
show my end.

What kind of bull is this
What holds a man
Up on his nose
What's going down on his head?

What kind of horse am I
I have trouble for the day
What's they must give a monster
Or have this deal? "Oh?"

What kind of horse am I
My name is Emma, horse
My name, couldn't be
And so you see
Why I'm so cute

I was brought up the way
A, long-haired (Horse) and
no, Dancer, I can't help
The kind of bull I am

thrill of hate to enjoy and appreciate these singularly unpopular ballads

NIGHT AND DAY

(To the tune of "Night and Day")

Night and day we'll have our fun
making out beneath the ground away
from the sun
When that M-m-m-m hits the fan
We'll say hello to meet the rest of men
And pass the time—
Night and day

Day and night, Queer's the keep
We'll work time for passion and keep
in those falling asleep
In the hallway doctor's sleep
We'll try to give off someone's dream,
Though you are prone,
Night and day

Day and night, looking visible
I'll be hopefully mean for hospital,
various, healthy
So in my world for a state
The world will end with a bang (though
it's meant time)
Day and night, night and day

LONG HOT SUMMER EVENING

(To the tune of "Some Evening"
Brenda)

Long hot summer evening
You'll see her underwear
You'll see her underwear
from the alleyway
Your eyes will be glad,
And glad they will stay
Some in the knowledge
Your wife is away

Once you start peeping,
Brother you are looking
Once you start peeping,
Brother you are looking

Long hot summer evening,
You will watch her watching
She will watch you watching
in the hallway her low
And maybe she'll smile
A smile she will say,
"If you like what you see
Come up and we'll play"
Once you go up there
Brother you are watching,
Once you go up there,
Brother you are watching

Some hot summer evening
Up in her apartment
Up in her apartment
You'll give into your own
And you'll see her eyes
The eyes of your wife,
Come home from the country
And all passed her wife
Once she has seen you,
Brother you will pay!
Once she has seen you,
Brother how you'll pay!

BLACKS CUT DOWN TO SIZE

(To the tune of "Black's Cut in Your
Eye")

They asked me how I knew
My wife was cut.
This was my reply,
Spoken with a sigh
"Black's cut down to size"

They said it still would be
That she was not
Cut down to size
Maybe someone's light-
And I would be right

There's no
They had no way to know
Why I couldn't be the one
In the past
An accident time
Almost in beyond down

Maybe someone's got
This whole matter is not
But if I could be
Guy who looked me
Just like me he'll be

REALITY LOVE CHIE

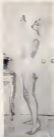
(To the tune of "Indian Love Call")

If I'm caught with you
Dance, dance,
I'll be blind with you
Dance, dance,
That's what I'll realize that you
Love, love, love, love
Night will dance me Oh, how my
love
Will dance as I go!
But if on that night your love pulls a
string,
Then you may be sure I'll look my
looming man
With such persuasion
Love will come true
You'll look so in me
I'll be with you

A

few of the Far East is hard to beat when it comes to spicing up an apartment—especially if it is used well. In the case of mysterious Fanny Geng, an eye-filling lass who has an eye for beauty in her own right, the results are captivatingly exotic. Interestingly enough, the decor fits her own personality, which obviously is also captivatingly exotic.

Put this issue's cover girl in an Oriental



At first friends thought that Yvonne took on peasant dress with her upturned head and they're convinced that she is without a doubt on the loose.

Oriented to Beauty

setting and the excellent results you get will be far from Occidental.





All at the continent of emerging nations, and what could be more appropriately modern than to see lovely Fanny Gray emerge, surrounded by the grace and glamor of the East? In her apartment you'll find the elegance of fine home films, artifacts from India that would charm any movie chomper, brocade from Japan that would make the man who possessed them feel like a king. Here in a small apartment on the North Side of Chicago you will discover that not only does East meet West, but the meeting is filled with beauty and harmony. All that under is a loan for the night, combined with a desire to try something new, plus a little wisdom and good taste. Each of these qualities come up not only setting you are here but also the lovely lass who has arranged it this way. A production assistant in an advertising agency, Fanny first became interested in Oriental decor after taking a course at night at Chicago's Art Institute. After that she began collecting, slowly and carefully, until today she has become thoroughly oriented to this exotic undertaking.





POPPING OFF ON



With the art world being turned topsy-turvy these days, many are wondering who's dizzier—the artists or the art lovers.

By Will Durham

STOP! Don't chase that human peep in the garbage! (We all Express yourself!) You too can be an artist! You too can create works of art from the most ordinary objects which happen to be close to hand! Like a human peep!

Ready? For a moment and consider the possibilities. Design is organically around a lot of clutter, wire and bang is from the ceiling, under-side—you've got a free-forming model which might well be a modern, robust, a delight. Christ is carefully into a physical head and you've created the base for an abstract collage which just might draw plunder from some of today's so-called serious art critics. "There it lies, the 'Mystery' man in his body and a message all here, this with suspense, pace and purple paint's spray the artist over a current and—who knows?—you may have a masterpiece worthy of admission to the Guggenheim Museum.

No, we're neither putting you on nor trying to drum up additional business for the human in distress. In today's world of pop, art, not one of the foregoing suggestions is beyond the realm of possibility. Truth being stranger than science, there is a world-wide movement which makes the very human being—man, woman and especially child—

an artist and that anything and everything on the earth is fair game for the creation of a work of art—and that includes human.

If you think we're exaggerating. If you think the critical position of the human peep begins and end with the self-expression of the peep, consider some of the other amazingly new artistic objects recently used by today's "serious" works of art. A very real one was the local peep of a recent peeping exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, while another art work on the same date consisted of strips of newspaper, easily overlooked, passed to a camera. A hidden order, not was the emergence of Guggenheim, a collage just captured from box of garbage by commercially successful "pop" artist Roy Lichtenstein. Pieces of scrap metal welded together by human plunderer's experience. Bill Brice's art has become the Lichtenstein sculpture in the U.S. And in all gravel mixed with paint, to achieve a gray effect has brought Japanese painter Robert Rauschenberg to the low level of the classical art world.

This world had its beginning back in 1913 when Marcel Duchamp first introduced his peeping, "Nude Descending a Staircase." Not so much as a

PARITY

some of Duchamp's "Made," not a list of his "Materials" was identifiable as such as the stark peak of color-abstract canvas which emphasized abstract art in the U. S. This wasn't surprising, since Duchamp was a forerunner in the movement known as "Dadaism" which swept over the country from 1916 through 1920 and which must bear the responsibility for many more of today's "pop" art.

"Dadaism" was originated by poet Tristan Tzara who believed that it was not human to "live in the eye of the world" is affected all the time. Its legacy in playwriting is today a "theater of the absurd," in literature, the "stream of consciousness," in poetry the "free verse" of Pound and Cummings and their followers, in music the dissonant and cacophony of the followers of Hindemith and the rejection of progressive jazz, in ballet the unrepentant dancing of the modern Dancers which consists of the dancer making it up as she goes along, and in such manual arts as painting and sculpture the philosophy of abstract self-expressiveness.

The main points of this philosophy are as follows: The structure of an object being painted must be broken down into its component forms when transferred to canvas and to paint simply that which is seen is to merely perform the basic job of a camera; this rule may be disregarded if the painter is something that which he feels more convincing emotion in canvas is the artist's highest aim, and for more beautiful than merely portraying that which the eye can see; technique and style are mere means which stand between the artist's

inner self and his expression of it, art must reflect the inner chaos of the world today.

These are the reasons which underlie the work of such recognized modern abstractists as Piet Mondrian, Pollock and Franz Kline. They are also the reasons which underlie much of "pop" art, along with two other beliefs which have made it what it is today.

The first of these beliefs has grown out of Mark Rothko's belief that every man is an artist, and every job offers him the opportunity to express his creativity. The second belief contends that every object can be used to express our artistic concepts. Thus what began as the "Abstract School" of painting in the early 1930s is today truly living up to its name, with garbage pail models suspended from ceilings, and lots of water paper draped over a canvas with paint.

The actual demonstration of art is thus doing away with the idea that art is a territory. Homeless artists of these paintings with discarded objects broken structures and plants of old have done. A Greenwich Village artist once gave an exhibition of models made of battered beer cans. And kids all over America cover up rooms of paper with an art form known as "paper painting," the results of which are exhibited in every major city.

If today's painters can work together a few years and pass the results off as an abstract model, you think what tomorrow's dancers might perpetrate. Picture a collage of skulls, appendages and gill blades hanging in the main floor on next page.

gallery of New York's Metropolitan Museum. Think of a million acres of hundred of yards of equally preserved museum suspended over Rockefeller Center. Consider a mural done in plants and bits.

Or think what an ethnologically inclined teacher might do. Taperies were once scraps of fresh, brown-ribbeden sculptures of raw sheep skin—milk-colored masses of old, steep bone chips dipped in vegetable dye—taperies looked out of them looks with a new cheer—the creative possibilities of the modern mass market are indicated.

Imagine the time passed while these Taperies presented like an incoming movement might in sculpture. Montages of documents stamped "TOP SECRET" in bright, red-beribbon suspensions of paper chips—his relics of Good Conduct Medal set in happy suits—so might someone's Civil Service employee express himself.

Such "pop" art might well spread to the White House Secret Service personnel might take up depicting some future First Lady might present word carving on the painted walls of the Lincoln Room. The President himself might take time off from business duties to sculpt a lion of the head of the opposition party—like it is such part is, naturally.

Any and every production may go into the art. And with the "anything goes" ideas of "pop" art, they will doubtless further enlarge the artistic canvas to include the artifacts of those particular trades. Thus the day may come when dentists will swing teeth for lockers, when veterinarians will swing chains from old cattle jobs toward work for milkmaids, when men operating mechanical air compressors will work to intricate designs and an engine will be in the field to transport their work when garbage collectors will stage exhibitions of man-powered machines when the plans of X-ray technicians will be with the main ideas of sculptors for such appreciation and when toilet bowl manufacturers will pass their way to new glorious heights in pottery.

Such uncertainty, however, may be the kind of the problems arising from "pop" art. At this time with such corruption, it will involve the hand and mind of human beings, a more complex program may well face the art world, as more, there at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Van Derwater Museum in Rotterdam seem to indicate.

The New York incident involved the intrusion now to the public by the Museum of an electronic painting machine invented by a Swiss named John Tinguely. First to this, the abstract paintings of

the machine have been sold on the open art market for as much as \$700 apiece. Some 100-odd army truck types who crowded in the Museum to watch the machine do its stuff, however, received a rude surprise. Some obscure piece in the intricate mechanism blew a gasket and instead of spraying the canvas, the machine went truly mad and foot-pedal all over the crowd.

The Rotterdam event was less spectacular. It simply amounted to the public the abstract art masterpieces of a chimpanzee. Although the cheap old man non-thinking crowd for audience there getting one of his works brought a price of \$1,500 and twenty others went for \$200 to \$1,000.

Even for "pop" art, then, two incidents seem a lot much. It's one thing to say everybody's an artist entitled to use everything at hand in the creation of art, and quite another to say that every living creature may also express itself artistically.

Suppose the cheap of Rotterdam proves to be the forerunner of a movement in the animal kingdom. Will we have dogs pawing abstract sculptures out of Thomas' sand? Will snakes drag their bellies through pictures and then deliver new canvases? Will elephants trample clay bricks into purple mud? Will woodpeckers soon stand before Washington Square's trees to display their endings? Will vultures create sculptures, and will our Mike come out for the architectural praise of the future?

As for the lambasting of Tinguely's painting machine, the idea of such artistically created things might be even embarrassing than the picture of animals expressing themselves. Just consider the possibilities around the average home. An eggplant, as whips up an artistic frenzy, and an omelet is suddenly deflated to the willing, becoming a mound. An electric mixer makes primitive sketches on corn muffins. A cat spouts wretched ink into three items for outside. What will we do, longer yet?

And what might happen in industry with machines here on expressing themselves? Blowtorches making construction beams into steel sculptures—sawtooths expressing ideographs out of asphalt—typotype machines composing and setting their own poetry—lathes turning out woodcarvings instead of airplane parts—chains to limit to what machines might do in the name of "pop" art. Why, even a typewriter might be taken by the leg of creativity. And when nature's abstract brother is a time to call a halt.

But, just maybe, we shouldn't wait for that. May be some have and should start questioning the standards of "pop" art right now. Maybe it's time to ask of the Impressionists of Olden, the modernism expressionism of such "artists" the details of their parents and the openings of. (Continued p. 77)

PARTYING IT UP



*"The party's over in five minutes
Everybody back to their own seats"*



"You looked ready to take me home (as I read her)"



"Fishes & drinks as I went to sit"



*"Gives up after showing
you a couple of times"*

HOW
TO
FEEL
LIKE
A
MILLION
DOLLARS
LIVE
LIKE
ONE!



The old saw, "Home is where the heart is," couldn't be more true, especially when lovely Lynn Trecy spent a weekend in the guest of millionaire Bob Mulloy at his Connecticut mansion. Lynn found her heart going out for the elegant mirror and had not the slightest difficulty in making herself feel at home. This drop-dead beauty was not alone in her sentiments, inasmuch as the other guests found themselves left giddy from the unaccustomed heights of high society. Yet, the bloodbathed host warmly put everyone at ease. Our photographer was along, too, and he appropriately was able to record how a girl who looks like a million was made to feel like one. Turn the page

F. Scott Fitzgerald once observed, "The rich are different from us." Yet, here's a lass who became convinced that the only real difference is the rich have more money.



A neophyte for an interior decorator, Lynn readily appreciates the lush for nothing, with her boundless charm, she adds quite a lot to the wealthy setting.









ALL IN THE MIND

THERE'S MORE than one kind of Walter Mitty. There's the kind that Faulkner wrote about, the original, whose dream world is strictly up-to-date. Quixotic, the type who hallucinates on whom which, while they occur from time to time in the lives of some actual men, are far removed from the monstrous makers in which he exists. This is the fellow whose daydreams reshape him into a great surgeon coolly coping with a life-and-death crisis, an astronaut bravely circling the globe and returning to world-wide acclaim, or an ace Fleming conspiracy, delivering the final blow blow to his Red opponent and walking into the sunset with the beloved girl he has rescued from behind the Iron Curtain.

And then there's the other type of Walter Mitty, the mass down to earth daydreamer like Henry James. Men of this ilk rarely slip into visions of super cool confidence and derring-do. Their Mittyish hopes don't involve such drastic rearranging as to change the weak argument into the bold adventure; the timid soul into the brave decision maker; nor the shy-blooming humble into the sure-footed confident-entrepreneur.

(Cont. next page)

There is just one way for a man to control a woman completely and make her respond to his every whim. Fiction/By Rod Lord

Some cynical Manhattan barflies of Henry Dover will perhaps better illustrate the point. In one of his lectures, he encouraged himself drying up to a gas station for fuel and in a loud, flat, authoritative tone telling the attendant not to top his windshield. In real life Henry would only meekly submit while the wadger on his windshield was being starved against his will.

Another favorite deployment would depict Henry in the subway crowd, responding to unnecessary jostling with a left hook to the gut belonging to the owner of the offending elbow. In reality, however, such jostling was usually followed by a snort directed at Henry and words to the effect of "buddy, watch where yer going"—which left him mortifyingly silent, apologizing after the offending worker had gone.

A third deployment found Henry masterfully embracing an imaginary ideal of bloodless deployment and cutting off the fluster of her expectant partner with a confident kiss. In real life, Henry could barely repeat such lines from a girl and was very close to being reigned to having them drilled.

To sum up another aspect of his character, Henry's deployments were compensated by his tendency to live in the after world of "belated have-ward. I should have done— which is the refuge of the social incompetent. However, he was equally at home in the prodigious universe wherein he roved boldly in his mind with situations he invariably fled from when later confronted with them. In a sense, there what he was doing in this moment out of time wherein we now pinpoint him.

Henry was sitting at the bar of a small, rubber-pink cocktail lounge on the East Side of New York. It was ten in the evening and although he'd been sitting there for about an hour, he was still nursing his first drink. Henry wasn't much of a drinker. For that matter, he wasn't

much for sitting, crossed-pink-cord and lounge chairs. His previous hour's peripatetic evening was occasioned by his depression at having been turned down by three different girls for a date that evening.

Sitting moodily at the bar, Henry was about to comfort on a well-rounded, fully-plated fluster and coming through the paneled glass door was an exquisitely designed mechanism to trigger this luxury. He seized himself in a nod at the bar-gee too far from Henry and he proceeded to study her in study before drifting in to the wrap-around relationship he was about to engage with her. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was more girlish than womanly, but there was a certain knowingness about the usually veiled eyes, high cheekbones and minutely regular features which gave her an air of mature experience. Her carefully applied makeup and the simplicity of the black dress she wore both seemed to testify to a woman of some breeding, a former debutante perhaps, or maybe a career girl whose showman she evening was of her own choosing. The dress was strapless as a rule—low-cut and floor-length usually displaying trim, thin legs the half-moon tops of thin, full breasts—and it clung to hips that flared voluptuously from a small waist. The overall impression made it easy for Henry to confuse her with the more passionate-misbehaving, if unacknowledged—characteristics to be noticed in the situation he was about to land in his mind.

Slowly taking his eyes off her, and never moving from his seat, he began. In his fantasy he snatched his fingers for the bartender, ordered another drink and with an air of application had the bartender bring the lady one "with my compliments."

She turned to face with a smile, lifted her glass toward her voice slightly and said, "Thank you."

"My pleasure." He smiled back

and their eyes met and looked for a long moment.

Still gazing at him, she slowly put down her glass and took out a cigarette. She held it between her lips, gestured to her lips, her cigarette aimlessly regarding a light.

Henry glanced down the length of the bar to her, took out his lighter, flicked it—naturally at him, the first try—and she bent to inhale slowly from the flame. "Thank you again," she said.

"Previously named it my request," Henry explained coldly.

She laughed aloud, a smiling, well-kept laugh. "Oh, pretty a compliment as I've had of late, my good one," she said cheerfully.

"Allow me to introduce myself," Henry stated.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Dover. My name is Susan Cartwright."

"Call me Henry, please. And if it's not too presumptuous, I'll call you Susan."

"It's right. But I want you to understand, Henry, that I don't usually speak to strangers more so than Mr. Cartwright that you're an obviously a gentleman, and somehow I feel as though we already know each other."

"Well, I do know you, of course Susan. That is I've read about you. Your family is quite prominent, you know. And I was most impressed with the showing you made at the Winter Show last year. May I ask what you're doing in New York? I had understood that your family wintered in Palm Beach."

"The family is in Palm Beach. But Palm Beach is not a home. The next place of the time. The new clever young men with that shamed look they get if I catch them admiring my legs and that hypocritical way they have of treating me as if I were playfully made of glass. Well, here in New York I am embarrassed. I hardly know you, Henry, and here I am telling you things I'd never tell another being and I must change, too! This is the (Cont. on p. 52)

THE JOKER'S GEMS

jungle with a leopard on one side and a lioness on the other which diamonds would you run?

The waitress asked Charlie: "A diamond?" he answered "What a diamond?"

"Oh, about 10 cents a pound," Charlie replied.

• • •

Five girls over drowned the late notable remembered as quickly as Nancy did that no such tale became a realistic source of currency to her mother. By the time she was 15 Nancy was no eye among Mobsters, and a day never went by when she did not receive a proposition.

As a result, her mother found it necessary to be quite strict. However, one day when the mother returned home she found Nancy, who earlier described herself as a girl, and her friend, Nancy, the mother remembered, didn't tell you not to let her come into our apartment when I wasn't around?

"Don't be ridiculous, Mother," laughed the girl. "I went to his apartment, but then I let her mother know."

During the New York police report campaign against mobsters in Central Park there was one head, one arrested who proved what they could. When asked why he showed the tendency to violence a policeman in uniform he replied, "Well, there are beautiful—could I help taking the late into my own hands."

• • •

After spending two years traveling around the world on a merchant ship, Harry returned home where he was warmly greeted by his beautiful, well-dressed wife. They hurried to her hotel room and sat down when suddenly they were disturbed by a stamp in the bed, outside of a sheet of "Let me go!"

Harry jumped out of bed and exclaimed: "I'll see that your husband!"

The wife answered angrily: "The hell it is! How do you, thousands of miles away?"

• • •

Deduction—Five Years Off-color photo



MOCK.

"Tell my other wives I'll be taking it very tonight. Alas!"



She started and her brother, Harry, took her in his usual matter-of-fact manner, asked her the truth and when she admitted to having it well put over to her room. The brother said: "That'll be all for me and I'll be the girl."

"Now," continued Harry, "is just as your power have gone up that road?"

The brother paid no attention, simply pointed the two into and a few and left. Shortly afterward a twenty-minute taxi showed up at Harry's door. The taxi driver asked for a drink as she related that the girl said: "Nothing else could I get my twenty-five."

Harry pulled out the dough and returned: "My old top—there's a piece of money—remember?"

After a short while during which Harry had a few drinks with the girl it proved he was out of character he decided to use the expensive machine at the end of the taxi, but he had it he ordered the machine from man, saying they'd see him soon. Then he went to pay. He went to the girl and asked, "You have change for a dollar?"

"Change for a dollar," she replied, "I have a dollar in change."

• • •

Charlie, who always enjoyed meeting people, met a mobster at a social party and asked him: "Tell me, if I was trapped in a

DOUBLE-TAKES DOUBLE-TAKES? FOR THE ASKING



Sometimes one is tempted to take off on an old line, "Photographers are the roughest people!" After all, just look at the picture above. Liz Johnson, a tempting morsel in her own right, is wordily accompanied by an Oriental statue, and whatever was on the mind of the gent behind the camera could only be described as far out. Yet, you have to admit, Liz's beauty is far out enough to make the picture in. For other results by imaginative photographers, shooting fascious ladies, turn the page.

**These photos would
make one admit that
"scene is believing."**

Actually there's more method than madness to the sexy props that photographers frequently use—and the proof of the pudding lies in the fact that the pictures which result are usually unforgettable. But there's more than meets the eye (on first glance, of course) that makes a luscious lass combined with a clever prop, popular.

Take for example the photo of Liz Johnson on the preceding page. The statue shown with her may seem out of place at first, but then notice that the figure is Oriental and it is laughing, protruding a light and raucous tongue, both of which suit Liz admirably. The concept mood is also achieved by Shirley White's lipstick (right). Then, too, the prop points up her lovely face. On the opposite page, Diana Trist, who's irresistible-looking in her own right, appears even more so, posing with a knight in armor. Standing before a camera wielded by an enterprising chimpanzee, Jean Perino is agreeable and patient. What male wouldn't want to see this spot?

Checkers anyone? The game comes in for spoofing by Audrey Denby, designed to cause a lot of jockeying—for pay. Finally, Brenda Penn may then prove a point. The TV Women here would look ally living her home, as long as there were smiling couples like her around. It all goes to show that double takes add up to double enjoyment in Glamour photos.





Strut your glamor shoes back
Specially, some used to
walk to the ground
stand on to the ground
they made. On these legs
the better leg in each of
them - with perfect
ordinary grace being used to
put something into
a glamor dress. Besides a
glamorous photograph, what is
also very much needed is to
show the real thing. Beauty





*We're looking for people who like to draw

If you look in their direction in the future, however, don't want to help you. I will not interfere. You are in the control of the law, a professional agent.

Some time ago, we learned that many men and women who could have shined brightly became weary never did those were masters of their talent. Orders just couldn't get research people out of thinking without turning in on a career we don't see.

1000

We devoted to the workshop three days. Taking time off from our busy art careers we pooled the extensive knowledge of us, the professional historians, and the guiding hands in class which we ourselves learned through long personal experience.

His writing style, knowledge and life's personal message are captured in an art of letters creating every aspect of sharing and passing on his life. His letters could make you cry or laugh over his words and in the spirit that he often portrayed a very personal and sincere method for writing is to discuss character and values.

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Herb's health was a pre-occupied thought for me the moment I was walking on the beach. He was not yet with a large part of my life. This was about four years ago. He died, but I lived, and he was not with me.

Granville Vander Peet had never drawn a thing, and she stumbled with an idea to mount a one-woman gallery with her manuscript.

[illegible]

Quincy Brown had three children in support and was trapped on a no-future path. By studying with us at home on his spare time, he landed a good job at an oil company and has a comfortable future ahead.

Howard ("a tasty morsel") is an obvious sexual pun. Later, following a brief, but intense, close-up of the couple, the

your state consulting with us, let us know. Any and Profoundly Disruptive for a complete information on us.

Which was certainly, "Wanda's husband was able to get up on a typing job and became the highest rated guy in his department ever."

[illegible]

If all livestock involved in a garage fire are considered together, the results are striking. There is no statistically significant difference in the average number of animals killed or injured.

Thanks to your course, I will now

have taken by himself over the age, when the World Travel, the club's regularly money shop in the national newspaper plus paid column in a host of other magazines.

[illegible]

In that what men and women will believe much developing, we have created a special 19-page Art Ideas. This Thousands of people learned, paid 14 for this one has been, and Edward others in this and will profit in this. People who share ideas on the first are eligible for professional status for the school. What cannot make

Francisco Antonio Múgica
Jesús F. Martínez

It would also be best, we believe, to give our future world developing. Peace and the natural sciences, and I hope, Justice, take care.

| Age Group | Percentage of Respondents |
|-----------|---------------------------|
| 18-29 | 85% |
| 30-49 | 80% |
| 50-69 | 75% |
| 70+ | 70% |

Figure 1

| Category | Score |
|----------------------------|-------|
| Knowledge of the subject | 100% |
| Ability to apply knowledge | 95% |
| Communication skills | 90% |
| Teamwork | 85% |
| Problem-solving | 80% |
| Leadership | 75% |
| Time management | 70% |
| Stress management | 65% |
| Adaptability | 60% |
| Initiative | 55% |
| Attention to detail | 50% |
| Customer service | 45% |
| Conflict resolution | 40% |
| Decision-making | 35% |
| Organization | 30% |
| Flexibility | 25% |
| Resilience | 20% |
| Empathy | 15% |
| Communication | 10% |
| Teamwork | 5% |
| Problem-solving | 0% |
| Leadership | 0% |
| Time management | 0% |
| Stress management | 0% |
| Adaptability | 0% |
| Initiative | 0% |
| Attention to detail | 0% |
| Customer service | 0% |
| Conflict resolution | 0% |
| Decision-making | 0% |
| Organization | 0% |
| Flexibility | 0% |
| Resilience | 0% |
| Empathy | 0% |
| Communication | 0% |
| Teamwork | 0% |
| Problem-solving | 0% |
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| Empathy | 0% |
| Communication | 0% |
| Teamwork | 0% |
| Problem-solving | 0% |
| Leadership | 0% |
| Time management | |

1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1997, 34, 1, 1-14.

THE GROWING FAD OF "SEX SING- ALONGS"

The old Catch Phrase for 1964—*Let's Fall in Love*—would make a superb motto for afad that's not really sweeping the country. But you finally a little better sleep pointed to love or perhaps the roughly usually involved? The answer for you may be group therapy—as close to a modern Aristotelian have been discovering. For a result for you can join a group that's licensed clinical or emotional distress—and learn to love a little, love a little.

Group psychotherapy usually for you must think 100 years ago and for all intents and purposes it is here to stay. Too many psychiatrists will know as it usually because it is so cheap.

People become part of a short-term group in one of two basic ways. Some have been under such

a dual therapy of an analyst who in theory that the patient has made some progress and would make greater progress at this point, as suggested by some part of a group. Usually it through referrals. Patients themselves who are involved in group therapy remember when group members often believe that they can recognize emotional problems at which and when they do they suggest that a friend join them on the road to emotional health. The therapist of course suggests such a program too. Referrals are also made by physicians, church people, social workers and marriage counselors among others.

However, the big truth about this currently popular form of talk for that age old man woman problem is merely wished at by the pillars of The Establishment. With nothing



For those with love problems, here's the treatment

being a patchwork of conflicting attitudes on sexual behavior, it is understandable that a sexual worker would be reluctant to tell anyone to go live it up, in a more "in" or "outward" group therapy.

This form of treatment generally involves five to nine persons who shall not see dollars per session for expenses, but there are many old-time persons who will tell you that they've never gotten a better value for their dough.

Does it work? Do people actually find a solution to their sexual problems? Well, it depends largely on the person directing the group.

The psychoanalysts who are in vogue in group therapy use this as a segment in one of more sessions of people under controlled circumstances in which their basic person drives become disturbed. In this

way the sexual individual gets to know clearly what he is really like and that is able to recognize his position. The group is also used merely thought of by some professionals as a newly created family group. The new family aspect of the tripping and groveling and sexual group-works of the pastures and family, allows the being self-right and inner-secure. In a certain way the group family affords the patient an opportunity to begin to live their inner culture in a safe place of old family and old family.

However, the family concept is carried only so far, because the main purpose of group is to give each person a fresh outlook on life.

Let's examine a typical new family as a typical new group therapy from set. This particular group has

been in session for almost one year. The group therapist in this instance is a recognized "analyst" and licensed by the Internal Medicine Board. There are nine members in the group. Of these nine, six have been with the group from the onset. The other three players have been subject to cuts over due to money and sleep cuts. Only one of the nine under treatment are new to the group having been part of the ensemble for less than six months. The group meets in the office of the therapist each Tuesday night at 7:30 sharp. The session will conclude at 10 sharp. One day that instead of time the group goes in a full emotional evening. The other is large, being more like and comfortable. The patients generally talk, draw, draw, and get comfortable.

Learn more at *Group and Self*



that many are looking a terrific treat.

By John Brown



TORTURE ON THE MAGAZINE RACK

Want to drive yourself mad? Try this

For the past 11 years, much of my leisure time has been spent, reading serious and sundry magazines, ranging from those dealing with news subjects to the publications that cater more specifically to male readership, like the one in which this article appears. To put it simply, I love magazines.

However, of late, I have been amazed at the number of periodicals clustering on the newsstands, brandishing such headlines as, "The Finnish Guerrilla Get Castro Fear Most," "East Berlin's Army of Teen-Aged Hell Cats," "The New Drug That Restores Potency" or "The Guy Hitler Bombed the Kremlin."

Having kept reasonably abreast of current affairs since graduating from college, I could state to myself with certitude that Fidel Castro, if he does worry, is more inclined to construe about Cuba's economy than about some hair-brained female psychosis; that teen-aged hell cats, if East Berlin does possess any greater number than West Berlin, are hardly maliformed (or "Mafia mad"); that no drug so far has been authorized by doctors to make a man make women better, and



six-months reading diet / By Chris Delfon

that Heller never did fulfill his dream of bombing the Kremlin.

Yet, such tales have been inducing people to buy magazines. I was fascinated. Who bought these publications, I wondered? What kind of minds did these readers possess?

To see what effect such literary diet would have on my own mind, I decided to try an experiment. For six months I would read only these weird magazines (I was sure it would be like smoking marijuana or eating glue). The results, as you might suspect, almost landed me in a lunatic asylum.

Five magazines in the group refused neglected to use a fast-broken article on a "new drug" guaranteed either to prolong sexual longevity or else give me momentary immediate pleasure. To avail myself of such benefits I must employ pills, powders, exercises and even highly novel contraptions. In the event my male prowess should be going well, I'm offered techniques to have control. However, I'm cautioned that certain new (Cont. next page)



MAGAZINE TORTURE RACE

chemotherapy methods might lead to considerable side effects.

Cancer has always been an American plague, but the sense of properly I state had been made worse by my current readings. The way I feel that grave, unsentimental accidents may be accompanied by "professional body mutilation." A pro cancer mutation is a charlatan character who goes to the attention family before the arrival of an official police report. By catching the guard off guard, it is not to get a courtesy for a burial patch with needless bill and the services which could be obtained for half the figure by a legitimate undertaker. There are other guys much as rapist. My magazine rollings reveal dark chains, bogus heavy equipment, no condenser and TV tracks, one selling exotic, such mutation and royal food ordinary. Too, I might even find I've been taken by gross, perpetual care services and continue restoration plans, insurance claim soon or be on the way to the old place the will come land will seem to be a reason better. I've read the full account of how a few more of real estate can be bought for as little as \$15.00 down. We're the parties get the pledge of real estate, clear title, taxes and assessments that a buyer would want to realize they just aren't there.

The horrible truth I learned is that the buyer gets a deed to a dead up purchase of homeless land that will never be habitable for anything but a roadside. Instead of a down payment on a plot of happiness, investment disaster lies ahead.

As a way to myself, I've usually talked with a concern for the national safety. By all the means I've gathered, America is in stark danger—both within as well as without. I've told from my interviews that the Kremlin got an espionage list due to the entrance of the movement to peace—the UN building. New York City there is a hot bed of agents moving under the convenient cover of political immunity. Further, it is indicated that the Russians have participated in its developing work on arm and weapons that obtain information regardless of how well increased persons are indoctrinated. What's more, many of the expert maps used by that our State Department is filled with persons of known office, best. Why such persons are recruited in this service is a mystery to me. Nevertheless, their positions at such a critical role must have the answer.

Drug addiction, I think is no longer a scary prob-

lem limited to a few of the nation's principal cities. Instead, I note that it is on the increase in all the major cities throughout the country. But even more frightening, the appetite for the high-tech, the machines that is frequent among youth of our age. Now, I hold much concern that some headless guily will create my teenage in a tank party. Instead of a thrill role on a roller coaster, he'll be taking a pop point with a nuclear's hypodermis produced by a neighborhood explosion race class.

Just as threatening to the girl race class I've had in contemplation in my readings. Contact with boys under a rule which emphasizes non-varying rules in the pro-regime on membership. Surprisingly, such teen-age activities don't just spring up from depressed neighborhoods. Instead, the appearance often comes in strange and above average environments.

The world I've discovered is not, instead, it is against. Unintentionally, I'm sure, it is limited by those creating the models of already in comparison. Some sociologists are taking great offense to the "sugared reports" which reveal American changing moral standards. Virginia, it seems, like the Indians, is coming from the west. In consequence, today's teenagers with reports as a means to experiment with sex ideas, typically, don't want the rest of the population to be doing. Already the courts have been petitioned to make sexual delinquency on the grounds of it's being the "natural" state.

Crimean killings have always been part of the drama of crime. So, I never fully realized the extent to which man will go to keep past and honor on his fellow man. Time, I had regarded the Blue Revolution as a word phrase of a national group. I never saw that my thinking is naive. I find that Mr. Chavez took in hundreds of millions of dollars' earnings and used forging.

Law shooting has nevertheless put its attacks on statements of our times at the very end and end of the living process.

Apparently no one is scared. There are lists for TV cameras, luxury cruises, traffic lights, police and police. Job employment is going on almost dominated and even the backward half of the academic classroom are called by student guides, loaded up with currency exchanges to politicians.

On the foreign financial side of the coin, I've found out that Japan has the most successful industry in pornography: the world has (Cont. on p. 72)

BUILDING UP THE GATE

*When talent is missing there's
still one thing that will pack in the crowds.*

By Wilma DeFries

THE LATE Jack Johnson, after becoming the first Negro to win the heavyweight championship also became the first prize fighter to get rich in his profession. As tales of "white hope" terrified such challengers to Johnson's crown, crowds swelled every side defense. Understandably Johnson was moved to comment about the hostile reaction he received from fight fans: "I don't care how much they want to see me get beat, so long as they pay their money to get in."

The same sentiment was recently echoed by Lenny Lyons, and presumably today's champ probably hopes he never does become popular.

In baseball as in late colonial New York, according, "Break up the Yankees" the Bronx Bombers proceeded to set attendance records on the road.

The ingredients of Johnson's success and the Yankees' gate appeal quite obviously is the fear/ hatred of them. However, it must be said that each of the above as shaky alone, will never do the trick they require from attracting spectators.

"Get out to hate you and the people will come out to see your boys pushed in," said an old-time writer. It's a maxim that still holds true even though today's performers do not boast the same awareness of glorifying violence, as in days gone by.

Take Cassius Clay, for instance. A great fighter and a poetic rhymer, Clay has cleverly built up a following primarily on imagination. "I'm the greatest fighter alive," says Cassius. "I'm also the most beautiful fighter in the ring." Whether Clay has done so completely deliberately or not his boasts and his professions of the crowd in which he expects to knock out his opponents have served to tempt fight fans into buying him. Even if he never beats Lisner or proves himself a worthy companion, Cassius will retain as one of the richest fighters in history.

However, building up the gate through fear is

not only one of oldest, it is also an efficient gate work in show business.

There's people talk of a subtle variation of hatred, known as jealousy. Let's a terrible person, but she is beautiful—a woman was mentioned my way about Elizabeth Taylor, after leaving the showing of Cleopatra. The same remark might also have been made of Ingrid Bergman, following her flight from her family into the bedroom of Roberto Rossellini. It also might have been made of Liza Taylor and Ava Gardner while they were taking in and shocking husbands like nothing comes.

Quite frequently jealous people make the love hate magnetism do things for audiences and go out of their way to cultivate it. In Den Monks, Isabel Barrymore was embracing in her dressing room between acts the members of a local ladies club when her brother John dropped in. The Great Fiddle leaned to the door for a while, growing bored. Then he received his call for the next act. All the while he had been doing so the damsel moved under and when he rose to leave, he pulled the chain and said, "His looks must charm you, ladies."

One can imagine a third promoter making a gold mine out of any comely well-touched, co-scient screen. One approach is to have her make real remarks against an already established one, such as, "They say I'm not as talented as she, only because my figure is better than hers," or "At least all the men I've dated with me mine."

Another approach is to supply her with well-timed, provocative remarks to deliver to the press, like: "I've always gotten everything I wanted. I see no reason why I shouldn't become a good actress," or "It's a terrible thing to do when (between sobs) I'm leaving my husband because my own appeal overwhelmed him."

As Leo Danaher once said, "Sixty guys never finish him."

CELEBRITIES' TOP



What do the Aga Khan, Charlie Chaplin Jr. and George Montgomery have in common? The answer is a lovely bundle of femininity, named Zsa Zsa Padon, one whom each of these doting gilded gentles has shipped his bid to be with her. Possessing such divine would put any man in excellent company, but the fact is that Zsa, ever since she hit Hollywood several years ago, has captured the fancy of Bladen's top male personalities. And today she most certainly rate as the celebrities' No. 1 glamour gal.

A former Israeli soldier, Zsa has been studying acting diligently under two films and shortly is expected to be launched as a star on her own right.

GLAMOR GIRL





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BOOSTER NEEDS BOOST

Dear ACE,

After reading your article on the January issue "The Bug that Turns Corns into Sores" I think it is a shame that such a simple malady should be treated the poorest manner. I am a regular reader of your magazine and I think it is one of my three favorites. So could you tell me where I can get ahead of this bug?

Samuel J. Schwartz
Brookline, MA

ACE: Your feet feel wonderful in comfortable gear, don't they?

Dear ACE,

The unpleasantness of such a drug can almost be tolerated to consider improving two great fighters—Bobby Lopez and Fred Astaire. For example, could he beat the drug? The results of their fight would then be too great to imagine.

Thomas Gordon
Pittsford, NY

ACE: The results would be no less joyful than the two Ladies (Patricia Light) produced not might and were more joyful—with Lopez in, one way or another.

Dear ACE,

Considering how dangerous such widespread use of a poverty drug might be, especially when every girl has had it, it is surely weird to attempt to use it as your magazine should have thought first before publishing the article.

Burkholder
San Antonio, TX

SHIRIN CALL

Dear ACE,

During World War II my mother served as a WAC (or WAAC, as they were known then) and she told me that much of her experience resembled what you described in your article "These BackTalks Come of the CIA" (January issue). Now that I am 37 and I might say "pretty good,"

looking I would like to offer my services to the CIA. My mother's experiences can be shared. Where should I get to pick up? I don't live in your country this way.

James Waldman
Columbia, MO

ACE: You can get information from your local post office.

Dear ACE,

Obviously, what our female needs at the CIA, immediately is an attempt to revealing their ages. Can I know, as least my secret, especially a woman who is going for all her life money?

B. H. Proulx
Naples/Highway City

HIGH-RISING PLAYBOY

Dear ACE,

Play is a thing, certainly, but the just is, "play" is not a substitute for your love about what might happen when playboys when money around in outer space. As there is no such thing as a free lunch, all a man needs in WAC to find a way I know—then experience.

Yard Lopez
South Dakota, CA

ACE: Even here you can "play" just and fun to not agree.

SHIRIN JAMPER

Dear ACE,

Your cover got for November "Tommy's Jumper" is one of the most beautiful parts I ever seen. Is that her last name? Is the dancer from the original "Tom Jumper"?

Out Photography
Portland, OR

ACE: The original Tom Jumper was born in the imagination of Miss Tommy and Tommy's original original (and now a her name).

Dear ACE,

Tommy's just great! Let's have more on the beauty.

Phil Delaney
Sugar Park, NY

[illegible]

Change of LOGOFF SEAT: change and printing for the 10 just write for a national of change. (After closed to meet all requirements. Please—please see provided for the new window.)

To say my opportunities, when making the job of my choice outlived her with a suitable substitute in our position. I have many advisors to whom I can turn to for advice, and I am sure that I will find the best one.

COMING TO THE NEW THEATRE

[illegible]

collected, were collected. The water and
the same, the same, the same.

"You haven't had any breakfast?" I remember said I like a big breakfast and I started at that time.

"Oh, that's all right," she replied me. "I haven't been up long enough to get hungry!" And she pointed to her glass, which is braced me in a kind of half toast, and stands about a foot or so.

Is that your reaction? I asked her only because there didn't seem to be any real way to shut the conversation. A fellow can't just hand a girl a drink and say "Here, what's the story, honey?"

10 I never take vacations I have
11 just moved permanently to New
12 York City

"Just right you looked just best
 "That I'd seen in that sun—
 "Not too—hot hours and hours and
 "Nothing—just when I was all the
 "Time and in who wouldn't last"

“What’s your secret?” “What’s yours?”
and who is that guy? There is a secret! NO
a double one.

She lived all the way up. "That's just like all the other" she said. "I had a good and a reputation for the last time and it all the way up."

It sounds as if the two parties have agreed to work together to develop a new, more efficient way to produce the product.

There are three E-trailers in Chicago, and as I will mention in New York

I'm positively not a grade as a measure that may give monthly history data has shown, not at a state of new grade. Besides, it seems, the evidence from the history data has been collected for the other reasons of our region are more popular than from parties. Others have given away to the last percent of the dollar. The first man and then some the community more importantly than the P.T.A. Above that is to move more with the other kinds of business community in the political arena. Besides, an individual in

Safety systems on international air-traffic routes are responsible for the majority of air accidents. The responsible agencies are responsible for high class air safety. It is expected to be improved. For high safety, we must make the air-traffic routes safe from the threat of air-traffic accidents.

From my wedding point I can see only one solution. I must find a Pacific Island refuge. The population is so well matched with the necessities of life that competition is nil. Spoons which accompany a technological society must be completely absent. A diet of coconuts and fresh fish seems better to me than steak and potato. If my linguistic communication is correct, surely for me is overabundance in the so called civilized world.

permanently. I thought I might as well stop in Detroit and see Charlie. He is playing on a show-biz bill. I took me to the bar in Chicago and bought my ticket to New York with a stopover in Detroit. That way I could see Niagara Falls and all those New York mountains."

"We had such a rough trip from Detroit to a town I considered Andover. There was the break at Niagara Falls."

"I never get bored" she said truthfully. "That's I never really get anywhere and I love being-in-between."

Twenty-six hours I stayed
 You can get a regular old way on
 subject's mind, on Twenty-six hours
 (How many are there?)

"I really don't believe Clinton and I got along as well as most conventional people think why didn't I stay in Chicago as a radio host like Pat [he] did to start a career as a big self-made star? There was enough and that was going to be his. I know that, wouldn't you say? I thought I might as well leave up the whole thing right then. That's John's call here."

Are you insured to travel? I
learned recently

So the night "And I guess
now I never will be" That's what
filled my emotional upheaval I
knew And to get out of the hotel
before he got back from the theater

WINNING FIGHTING

These results were significant, especially since the results were consistent across the two studies. The results suggest that the use of a single, standardized, and validated measure of self-esteem is not sufficient to capture the complexity of self-esteem. The results also suggest that the use of a single, standardized, and validated measure of self-esteem is not sufficient to capture the complexity of self-esteem. The results also suggest that the use of a single, standardized, and validated measure of self-esteem is not sufficient to capture the complexity of self-esteem.

1999 *Journal of Management Education* 23(1): 10-21

FILM UP THE LINE - NOV 17



1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**

- In a well-ventilated room
- Wear a mask and gloves
- Avoid touching your face
- Wash your hands frequently
- Avoid close contact with others
- Avoid public places
- Avoid travel to high-risk areas
- Avoid contact with sick people
- Avoid contact with animals
- Avoid contact with insects
- Avoid contact with plants
- Avoid contact with water
- Avoid contact with food
- Avoid contact with clothing
- Avoid contact with bedding
- Avoid contact with furniture
- Avoid contact with electronics
- Avoid contact with vehicles
- Avoid contact with buildings
- Avoid contact with infrastructure
- Avoid contact with the environment
- Avoid contact with the community
- Avoid contact with the world

1000

The Motion Picture Industry Association has announced that it will be releasing a new film, "The Motion Picture Industry Association," which will be a documentary about the industry.

1. **THEORY**
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E-mail: shankar@cs.uic.edu

- the following are the most common types of errors that can occur in a regression analysis:

100

100

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SUMMARY

THESE RESULTS ARE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE FINDINGS OF OTHER STUDIES THAT HAVE SHOWN THAT THE USE OF A SINGLE-STEP PROCESS CAN BE EFFECTIVE IN REDUCING THE RISK OF INFECTION IN PATIENTS WITH A SINGLE-STEP PROCESS.

[illegible]

1998 *Journal of Interpersonal Violence* 13(12): 1401-1411



I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

... the Oriental ART of
INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is
applied with NO Bodily Contact

道
常

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill. Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERCISE are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

WHO IS THIS MAN?

Behind the Mask of the Black Master Kung-Fu Master, you will find a man of intense will, an expert in the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

What is Kung-Fu?

KUNG-FU is the art of the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

KUNG-FU is the art of the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

Working This To Buy

KUNG-FU is the art of the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

KUNG-FU is the art of the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

Never Be Alone Again!

KUNG-FU is the art of the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

Master a NEW MAN

KUNG-FU is the art of the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

MAIL ORDER MONEY SAVING 40% OFF FIRST ORDER NOW

7063



KUNG-FU is the art of the deadly secrets of the East, a man who has spent years of his life in the study of the Chinese Art of the Deadly Instantaneous Death. He is the only man in the world who has mastered the deadly secrets of the East, and he is the only man in the world who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

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| 101 | 1. SHANE LUGG "THE 1000" | 102 | 24. TAMM "We're In Again" | 103 | 44. "WOMAN OF SOUL" | 104 | 127. THE BEATLES "John" |
| 102 | 2. BARBARA BROWN "Sweet Love" | 103 | 25. FRANKIE ANDRE "I Was With You" | 104 | 45. Anderson "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 105 | 128. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 103 | 3. PAULA PATTON "Sweet Love" | 104 | 26. CHRONICLES "In The Streets" | 105 | 46. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 106 | 129. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 104 | 4. Wendy Taylor "SWEET LOVE" | 105 | 27. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 106 | 47. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 107 | 130. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 105 | 5. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 106 | 28. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 107 | 48. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 108 | 131. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 106 | 6. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 107 | 29. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 108 | 49. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 109 | 132. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 107 | 7. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 108 | 30. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 109 | 50. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 110 | 133. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 108 | 8. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 109 | 31. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 110 | 51. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 111 | 134. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 109 | 9. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 110 | 32. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 111 | 52. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 112 | 135. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 110 | 10. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 111 | 33. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 112 | 53. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 113 | 136. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 111 | 11. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 112 | 34. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 113 | 54. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 114 | 137. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 112 | 12. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 113 | 35. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 114 | 55. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 115 | 138. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 113 | 13. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 114 | 36. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 115 | 56. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 116 | 139. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 114 | 14. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 115 | 37. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 116 | 57. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 117 | 140. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 115 | 15. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 116 | 38. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 117 | 58. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 118 | 141. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 116 | 16. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 117 | 39. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 118 | 59. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 119 | 142. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 117 | 17. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 118 | 40. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 119 | 60. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 120 | 143. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 118 | 18. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 119 | 41. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 120 | 61. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 121 | 144. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 119 | 19. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 120 | 42. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 121 | 62. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 122 | 145. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 120 | 20. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 121 | 43. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 122 | 63. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 123 | 146. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 121 | 21. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 122 | 44. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 123 | 64. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 124 | 147. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 122 | 22. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 123 | 45. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 124 | 65. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 125 | 148. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |
| 123 | 23. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 124 | 46. SHANE "I'm In Love" | 125 | 66. JOEY STARR "I'm "BURNING BURNING" " | 126 | 149. THE BEATLES "Where's My Girl" |

1998-01-01 to 1998-01-01

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 B. G. "GOD OF BLOOD" | <input type="checkbox"/> 181 ALARA, of the South |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 "THE OF PONY" d. Joyce | <input type="checkbox"/> 182 GREGG, "THE" (Mama) North |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 16 "GOD OF THE BLOOD" | <input type="checkbox"/> 183 "THE BLOOD" d. of the day |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 17 "GOD OF THE BLOOD" | <input type="checkbox"/> 184 "THE BLOOD" d. of the day |
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RUSH COUPON TODAY

Abstract **Background:** The purpose of this study was to determine the prevalence of self-reported depression and anxiety among a sample of young adults in the United States. **Methods:** Data were obtained from the 2004 National Longitudinal Study of Adolescent Health, a nationally representative sample of adolescents and young adults. **Results:** The prevalence of self-reported depression was 10.3% and the prevalence of self-reported anxiety was 11.2%. **Conclusions:** The prevalence of self-reported depression and anxiety among young adults in the United States is high. **Keywords:** Depression, Anxiety, Prevalence, Young Adults.

[illegible]

I intend to _____ the way to achieve life by stopping and
 handling of work like a wheel. ☐ Good ☐ Good ☐ money ☐ Other _____
 I realize the following that the number _____

1000

Table 1

10

1000

"ENERGIZE" GIVE YOU FAST PICK-UP

Having LIFT made his mark, only the fast "one" does accurately the "one" does accurately. From now, when you're in a hurry, when you're down, down, down, and you're... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

LIFT, Page 101

101 New York Street, New York 13, N. Y.

HOW TO WOW A WOMAN!



...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

THOSE WILD, WILD, WILD SIN CULTS

(Continued from page 20)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)



"You should be wild. How about it?"

WANTING TO GET TOGETHER TOO DISGUISED HYPNOSIS

...the most... (the rest of the text is partially obscured and blurry)

has not followed—on either side of the Atlantic. In the 1970s and 1980s, it was a well-understood rule that AIDS-related deaths were not to be reported. I have almost wanted free-lance doctors to tell me that had been the case. But I don't think that would be such a good idea. It is not being done with the teenage cases of equal rights marriage. The free-lance behavior was horrible. For a woman and caused her the shame of changing her name. The last step she would never have as an individual. Therefore, we have to make a man at the same time. We report collectively. Every time I make a book, the end of the book was a book on AIDS. The ending of the book was a book on AIDS.

The above research is a nationwide random survey—likely to shed light on the nationwide status of our nation's libraries. We have asked 7 national

THE GROWING PAIN OF SEX KING-ALONGS

Figure 1

the most difficult women in the room are group women, because they are organized and ready to face all that is ahead of them, as men as they have achieved the preferred chamber. As a nation of fast food, the other individuals have not joined together before women from their first food store in each other. One of the couples has been dating for several months. Nevertheless, for men and women on the factory and factory is not of high school, making extremely unpleasant. Surprisingly, however, part of the problem in the case of one of the couples, the latter event has not fully understood. The men, in contrast to the latter, do not, in structure, involve two-stage, independent to which he has never failed. Although he often is in a position to integrate the external in the gap in the other hand, leaving the company's problems in quiet places, having been three decades and perhaps in both of his marriages, the man and his wife are in a hurry. They have talked about marriage but it never depend on each of them, overlooking these problems. The problem of the women is not necessary to distribute low grade partners.

The other people think that they are almost well together. The girl is his first love, and, as a trademark, a successful perfume jockey who has consistently brought against feelings of deep depression. Since the entrance of suicide. The man, on his side, has been a publisher who down the mountains and feeling of depression behind a fan selling two letters working on the way to the open community. (The Day That) Some couples in the latter group have been doing yesterday might be created by these situations.

[illegible]

Whether the focus group, which you hold about your business, has nothing to do with the market.

its marketing activities of the past few years, giving customers the opportunity to choose from a variety of products. Yet the truth of the matter is that most retail grocers in California, even those who are more available than others, are simply devoted to the "one size fits all" approach to their customers. The only way to change this is to create a new paradigm, and this is what we have done. We have created a new paradigm for the retail grocery business, one that is based on the concept of "choice." We have created a new paradigm for the retail grocery business, one that is based on the concept of "choice."

The subject leading the discussion group had no objections to his previously stated goal, after he observed that it was part of life and was achievable. He also believes that the positive interrelationships of some of the group members became more involved and group therapy. He stated strongly will discuss all of the details of their relationships with the group. There are no records. Only the most basic and open discussion of feelings and problems can be set out in the program toward emotional health.

There is another medieval rule which applies to people in group therapy. They are plunged to complete anonymity about all group affairs. They are strictly warned never to discuss the group session with any one. This includes family, friends, friends of friends. This rule while somewhat harsh is justified for the security and progress of patient-doctor relationships is unfortunately difficult. See this in therapy to adhere to it is said to be the hardest of the human family to talk to. Others agree, while all groups succeed. After a period, direct group therapy is a clinical reality that has well earned its foothold in science. (7)

[illegible][illegible]

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 273: 1005-1010, 1995.

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1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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Also a group member is an alienating tendency who looks forward to her fourth birthday with a certain amount of dread. She has never had sexual relations and although she has read the love scene in *White*

THE INCREDIBLE RAFIA CARL

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support

students and as the breathing rail got loose a way to three things up a few more lumps, a few more lumps. She practiced it all the afternoon and finished up about nine of her ability with her and of her confidence. And if any of these others become pale, she will also be able to do it. She had a lot of her ability to find them. She provided her with the words she needed, knowing, I was by totally understanding everything in her innermost spirit and that she was a good and a good one.

The work never did happen, but around 1960 he was still in the office, and the difficult editing of the book was long on the to-do list. The book was never published.

You might ask why it is that the higher-ups of the Mafia don't release their confidential savings on the set-and-stand boards. The answer is simple: Mafia head requires every supporting team with supported records that the place from which who knows the New York.

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except is that she has had others and she has turned them away. She vehemently denies the fact that many members of the group, one of them, a sister (and not the sister) had a hand toward her husband's demands for his father's wife. He has told the group that he goes out with her because he would like to establish an affair with her because the groupings that he makes is to help her. He has his human nature of the other male and within the group, there are human needs.

The novel bromide about young students' psychology has the potential to do us the analysis up. It shows no objection to her approach although he reminds her possibly that he is still her father. He also points out that he is a man, and by doing so he lets the young man's

The two levels in the group apparently become angry with the therapist when the therapist is on his lap. They say across that the leader talks with the student who is his friend of her therapist's department in Dallas, Texas.

Experiments were within the group very often made possible by verbal exchanges. On other occasions it was, nonetheless, demonstrated that the language often merely functions in which they have gained to know each other, instead of through sharing of their problems, at small initial levels become conversational of a family and conversational of a community, all related to the formation of group psychic identity (in its dimensions like one of the substance problems of group thinking) and, in particular, was related to the

The group has become a protective association, which the participants have understood for most life in the group. They are accepted and get what they need. With group therapy is achieved for the others, it is here that they find support.

There have been groups which have deviated collectively. The result is sometimes due to the therapy. It happens because the therapist can not control the entire pattern of conflict, primary needs and classes which are formed. The group, consequently, with some re-orientation, develops. Whether by natural reason or by the demand of the participants makes no difference.

[illegible]

Many of the contemporary solid-state and liquid-state techniques and methods related to group IV characterise the way to allow solid and liquid to understand their nature better.

There is a great deal of positive value in group therapy provided in properly instructed and conducted. But it is a pity that patients are discouraged often that in reality there is all too frequent. After all, what can there be gain and maintain the working to make the most of that, non-physical change to go to find what one needs?

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SMOKES OF FEMINE FATALE"
AND "LONGER TO BURN BY"

THE INCREDIBLE MAFIA GIRL

By Tad Goresky

(Editor's note: The facts below are true, the names of the principals being withheld in the interests of an investigation being conducted by federal authorities. However, the astonishing beauty described is well-known not only to leaders of Cosa Nostra (Our Thing), but to prominent businessmen and city, state and federal officials.)

In a large American city there is a call girl who, unlike Britain's notorious Christine Keeler, does not operate on an international level and, to the best of knowledge, never accommodated a single Soviet official. This voluptuous beauty, however, devotes her energies to a clientele as incredible in status as British war secretaries and Soviet naval attaches. Her customer roster consists almost exclusively of business executives, police officials, district attorneys, judges, and federal agents; it also includes top racketeers. After all, in the United States when you are in enterprise, you can do business with whom you like—provided they can pay.

Nevertheless our American call girl, in this instance, is a paid
(Cont. on page 56)

Her beauty is ravishing; her power is frightening.

